



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

Wilson's Cave.

On the luxuriant banks of the Ohio river, twenty-two miles below the mouth of the Wabash, and partly concealed by some catalpa trees that shade its entrance, is a cavern measuring about twelve rods in length and five in width. It is situated close to the bank of the river, and the entrance to it is about eighty feet in width; the inner walls are smooth rock, the floor quite level through the whole length of its centre, and the sides, rising in stony grades, form seats similar to those in the pit of a theatre. The cavern, at the time I speak of it, was fitted up and occupied by a family of the name of Wilson, as a house of refreshment to the numerous boatmen who descended the river in ark, or as they are now termed, back woods flat boats. These boats were from twenty to forty feet in length, and ten or twelve in breadth, and were considered by the early settlers as fabrics of no inferior size. Attracted by the novelty of such a tavern as the cave presented, many idle and worthless characters collected there, for the purpose of gambling and drinking. Out of such customers, Wilson found little difficulty in organizing a band of robbers, with whom he formed the plan of robbing and murdering the crew of every boat that stopped at the cave, and then sending the boats manned by their own party, down the river to New Orleans or Natches, where agents of presumed respectability, were stationed to receive the stolen goods and convert them into cash.

It was near the period of the first settlement on the banks of the Ohio, on an afternoon in August, that one of these boats was stationed at a short distance from the above mentioned cave. The day had been one of uncommon sultriness but as the blood red sun reflected its last lurid tinge upon the waters, the wind rose with a moaning sound, and the heavily laden boat rose and fell with each motion of the waves that laved the richly wooded banks of the stream. In the interior of this boat, on

a rude couch which was placed at one of the loop holes of the small cabin, sat, or rather reclined, a tall and delicate female. Her beautiful dark grey eyes, were resting on a small clump of trees on the opposite bank. The half pleasing and half sad expression of her earnest gaze, told how intently her mind was occupied with the wild beauty of the scene. Perhaps associations of home, were awakened by some fancied similarity of the past to the present; for often when we least expect it, will the accustomed scenes of childish pastimes, rush like the sound of some sweet toned instrument upon the heart, leading our minds imperceptibly from the pursuits of the present, or the cares for the future, to the recollections of the past. The song of the spring birds, the familiar dash of waves, or the sweet scent of the low heather blossom, stealing on the senses, hath power to lead us back through the long lapse of years to the gay dreams of childhood, and again we tread the home of our love, and in imagination roam through the wild forests, and half fancy we hear once more the echoes which so oft repeated our own happy voices. And perhaps even thus amid the confused murmuring of the winds and splashing of the waves, did the mind of Allette Winton wander among the scenes and heartfelt beauties of the home she had left. She was an orphan, but the love of her aunt Fenton, and the brotherly affection of her cousin Charles, had supplied to her the place of nearer kindred. She had but one brother, whose hitherto wandering life had prevented him from taking her under his immediate protection, consequently she had emigrated with the Fenton's in her infantile years to their settlement near Pittsburg. The wild energies of nature had by long association, imparted to her mind something of their original wildness, and more than their own beauty. Every spot of her home in the wilderness, was hallowed by some youthful remembrances, and at the request of her brother, she was leaving them to join him in New Orleans, where he had finally settled. At the feet of Allette on a low footstool, with

her head resting on her hand, sat another female figure, her brown eyes were cast upward with an unmingled expression of tenderness on the varying shades that passed over the features of her companion. This lady was a Virginian, she had emigrated with her parents a few years before to Pittsburg, but the perils and fatigues so attendant on a settler's life, had been too great for the advanced age of the two latter, and they soon sunk under them. Death had terminated their ambitious hopes, and the bereaved Virginian, was on her way to Natches with her brother. I know not the exact reason, why the lady gazed on Miss Winton so affectionately, their acquaintance had been but short, for previous to their embarkation from Pittsburg, they had never met. But Charles Fenton was no stranger to Miss De Forest, his hunting excursions and the simple habits and open hospitality of the early settlers had facilitated their acquaintance. Perhaps the Virginian had discovered in the delicate features of Allette, the strong resemblance which they bore to her cousin Charles, or it might have been the perfect grace of Allette's manner alone that attracted the dignified Virginian, be that as it may, theirs was no light affection, for it was cemented by mutual sympathies and loving hearts.

On the deck of the boat which contained these two females, stood two forms gazing out upon the long line of black clouds, that were fast spreading an impenetrable veil over the whole face of the heavens. The elder of the two was a large robust weather-beaten man, rather coarsely dressed, with a broad wampum belt buckled closely around his waist, to which was fastened a small French cutlass. The younger was a man between twenty-five and thirty years of age. There was something in his appearance that differed strangely with that of his ruder associate, and but for the wild and troubled expression of his full dark eye, and the melancholy contraction of his bold features, he would have possessed at that time, more than common manly beauty.

'This will be a bad night Seaman,' said he,

turning to his companion, 'I should much rather prefer a snug birth in the old cave, to a night's rough tossing on this stream, in such a storm as yon clouds portend.'

'Aye, aye,' answered his companion with a sneer, 'it requires something more than a faltering heart and coward conscience, to face the warring elements of nature.'

'Your conviction to the contrary, gives the lie to your tongue, when you apply to me, the epithet of coward. Nor is it the warring elements, that hath power to shake my purpose.'

'Perhaps not young man, but the power that is denied to the tempest, may lie in the dark grey eye of a sylph from the wilderness, or perchance in the proud glance of the beautiful Virginian. She's a noble looking craft Bertram, and it is a long while since my old eyes have rested on such a perfect model. It was.'

'Then,' interrupted Bertram, 'then the bright glance of the Virginian hath not been without its effect on you, or are you always thus eloquent?'

'Why as to that I cannot say I am destitute of all admiration for female beauty. But I shall never turn traitor for a bright eye, or a blooming cheek, however fair it may be, unless it be imaged on such as these.' Here with a low chuckling laugh he tossed up a small golden coin. A gleam of something resembling hope passed over the features of Bertram, as he caught the last words of Seaman, and laying his hand on the broad shoulder of his companion, he gazed long and wistfully in his face, at length he added, 'Did I understand you aright? Will money bribe you?'

'To what?'

'Seaman, think not to deceive me, you have been watching my every word and look, you have almost penetrated my secret thoughts and wishes, now listen, for this is no time for parley. 'Twill be a wild night and the crew of this boat will in all probability remain in the cave; but the two young men will of course hasten here as soon as they discover the approaching storm. They will come to conduct the ladies to the cave, or remain with them here, it matters not which, they will be here—for should Wilson undertake to detain them, it would cause a too sudden alarm—now mark me, this band to which you belong has incurred suspicion. There has been talk of hunting them out—now is the time to save ourselves. I love Miss Winton—I would save her—I have wealth more than sufficient—more than you may acquire by a long life of crime—aid me in effecting their escape and our own, and name your reward.'

'Tis here,' shouted Seaman, and in an instant his cutlass was gleaming in the obscure light, as it aimed for the heart of Bertram; but the latter with well directed activity sprang

from its reach, and ere Seaman could recover from his impetus forward, a pistol shot from Bertram, sent him reeling into the broad stream below.

The report of the pistol, and the fall of Seaman, was heard by the inmates of the cabin. A shriek from Miss De Forest brought Bertram to the spot. Allette had fainted and the Virginian stood bending o'er her in half stupified amazement. A word from Bertram recalled the former in some degree to her usual consciousness. In a hurried voice she inquired the meaning of the scene. In a few words Bertram informed them of their danger, and the necessity of calmness. 'Should your companions,' he added, 'be permitted to come on board, we may yet escape.'

The lip and brow of Blanche De Forest, assumed an ashy paleness, for a moment she tottered and leaned to the side of the cabin, and then with a determined effort, she seemed rallying her strength and struggling, with the natural energies of her mind, to regain her wonted composure. But Allette Winton spoke not, moved not; the eyes that at first were uplifted to Bertram, had gradually fallen until hid in their long silken lashes; the slight tremor that agitated her frame, alone gave evidence of life. Think not that the dread of death alone moved her thus. Bertram was a villain, he whom she had once esteemed, was no longer worthy of a thought. Miss De Forest was the first to speak.

'My brother and Fenton must be saved—is there no way to hasten their return from the cave?'

'None but my summoning them at your request, and that would awaken suspicion, for the small boat is on shore, and I have no means to reach the cave but by swimming.'

Many and rapid were the plans formed and relinquished by Miss De Forest and Bertram, in the short space that remained to them. At length a low distinct rumbling of thunder broke upon the ear, and the Virginian starting forward uttered an exclamation of joy, as she discovered two distinct forms issuing from the cave. Bertram stepped to the loop hole of the cabin, and after gazing at the forms that were fast approaching toward them, turned and informed her that it was Fenton and one of Wilson's men. 'Hasten,' he added, 'to the boat's side and request them to return for your brother, on the plea of Miss Winton's illness.' Blanche did as she was requested but Fenton alarmed at his cousin's illness, accepted the stranger's offer of returning alone for De Forest. In the interval Fenton was informed of their danger, and after receiving a pistol from Bertram and carefully examining it, he stationed himself at the entrance of the boat, to await the coming of De Forest and his companion, but the former was accompanied by two men, as

Bertram had foretold, one of them soon inquired for Seaman, and on being told that he was in the cabin, turned to seek him. At a signal from Bertram, Fenton fired, his shot took effect, but Bertram's pistol flashed. His intended victim perceiving at once the treachery practised against him, jumped into the stream in the wild hope of reaching the cave. The approaching nightfall, together with the dark clouds that obscured the whole horizon, rendered all attempts at firing useless. Yet amid the lightning's glare did the little boat's crew watch, as their bark glided through wind and rain, his fearful progress. As flash after flash, shot athwart the blackened gloom, his form was seen struggling with the increasing current, until the progress of the boat, or his own unsuccessful efforts, hid him from farther view. It was indeed as Bertram had predicted, a wild and fearful night; yet, as if borne up by some unseen power, did that little bark glide on safe and unharmed through surrounding dangers, and when the morning dawned solemn and deep was the devotion by its wearied inmates, as they offered up from its deck the tribute of grateful hearts. A few weeks landed them at Natches, where, after staying to give in the necessary details of their adventure, Fenton and Allette bade an affectionate farewell to their interesting acquaintance. Bertram had on landing at Natches immediately taken his leave, but not without permission from Allette of seeing her again at some future day in New Orleans. Allette knew nothing of his character, and though she suspected his connexion with the band, she could not in gratitude withhold her consent to again seeing him. Of his attachment to herself she was not ignorant, and notwithstanding her dread of his suspected character she was somewhat flattered at his undivided admiration. Fenton after staying a few months in New Orleans prepared to depart once more for his native home.

His grief at parting with Allette was sincere and his journey from New Orleans to Natches was a lonely one. He thought of Allette, not as she then was a reigning belle, but as she had been to him a soother and partaker of his sorrow's and joys in the wilderness. From her his thoughts wandered to the Virginian, and then his imagination pictured her forth as a dweller in his own bright home. Such fancies are sometimes dangerous, and they were not without their effects on Fenton, for from Natches to Pittsburg his journey was enlivened by the happy smiles of his lovely Blanche, who realized in his home the pictures which he had drawn forth in his imagination.

The surpassing beauty of 'La Belle Savage,' as Allette's brother sportively denominated her, attracted no small share of attention from the fashionable elite of New Orleans, and

she soon formed a few agreeable acquaintances, among the latter was a Mr. De Lyle and an acquaintance of her brother's by the name of Vanbergen. The appearance of De Lyle was not at first very prepossessing, but the charms of his conversation soon rendered him attractive, and Allette gradually became interested in his character. She sometimes fancied that she had met with him previous to her present acquaintance, for at times he awakened vague recollections of the past which she was at loss to account for.

He attached himself to her with considerable perseverance, and became at last her constant attendant at the various routes and parties which she attended, and though she would have chosen more properly to dispense with his too frequent attentions, the erroneous fear of losing his friendship prevented her from informing him of her wishes in that respect. Allette Winton would have shrunk from the name of a coquette. Had she known how nearly allied her conduct really was to coquetry, she would have blushed at her weakness, and instead of fostering the passion of De Lyle, would have crushed it in the commencement, although the effort had cost her a pang in depriving her of his friendship. At times faint gleams of reproach would cross her mind as the affection of De Lyle began more and more to display itself toward her, but sophistry, that dangerous ingredient of the human heart, was too successfully employed to lull her into fancied security.

She one evening reluctantly consented to accompany De Lyle to a splendid ball in the vicinity of New Orleans, where after dancing a few figures she retreated with De Lyle and a young female acquaintance into a small recess formed by the tastefully arranged foliage that decorated the spacious room.—De Lyle soon left them to procure refreshments, and Allette freed from the restraint that his presence had imposed, addressed a few playful remarks to her companion, but ere the latter could reply, her attention was arrested by a dark figure closely masked, gliding silently into the entrance of the alcove. The mysterious air and disguise of the stranger, struck a thrill of terror to the heart of Allette, and the name of De Lyle, whom she attempted to call, died upon her tongue. The agitation of her mind escaped not the observation of the stranger, and in a low tone he addressed her as follows.

'Fear not, Miss Winton, I have come but to warn you of villany, my disguise hides it not, but beware of De Lyle, for his you may not penetrate so easily.' The stranger glided from the recess just as De Lyle entered it. There was something in the low tones of his voice that reminded Allette of Bertram, and so intently was her mind occupied with the

thought, that she heeded not the confusion of De Lyle, when her friend informed him of the mysterious warning, nor did she enter into their conjectures respecting the motives of the stranger, or inform them who she supposed him to be. If the warning of the stranger produced the desired effect on the mind of Allette it was not displayed in her manner, on the contrary, fearing De Lyle might suspect her of entertaining suspicions against his character, she became more attentive to his presence. These attentions were of course misconstrued into proofs of affection.

It was evening, in the solitude of her room with her face hid in the silken hangings of her lattice, sat Allette Winton alone, the deep flush that overspread her countenance and the low stifled sobs that escaped her bespoke some internal conflict. De Lyle had been there, and when his sentiments could be no longer misunderstood he was rejected. She had been listening to words of reproach from lips that heretofore had breathed nought but affection. Conviction of her error came too late. She arose threw open her lattice, for the solitude of her room seemed oppressive and stepping from the casement to the level portico, she leaned her head against the balustrade that the cool air of the evening might fan her fevered brow. The stream of light issuing from her casement prevented her from distinguishing any objects from the portico, and ere she was aware of the approach of any person, the masked stranger stood between her and the open lattice. A slight scream escaped her at the sight of this unlooked for apparition, but the stranger as if heeding not her alarm addressed her in a feeble voice.

'Miss Winton,' said he, 'you have despised my warning, but I will not forsake you until you are fully sensible of your danger; but for the sake of him who rescued you from death, I would have you lock up the secret in your own heart. He whom you call Bertram is not—was not—what you suppose him to be; let his faults be what they may, he is not guilty of the crime of murder, or of being the despised associate of a band of robbers, and for his sake will you promise to keep secret that which I shall relate respecting De Lyle?'

'Leave me Bertram, leave me,' said Allette in an agitated voice, 'I must not listen to you.'

'And do you, Miss Winton, fear me? I have no motive, no wish to injure you, could you look into my heart and see how dear you have become to me, you would have no reason to fear; Allette I have watched over you day and night since your arrival here, and till now I have sought no interview—no none—though I would have given worlds for

one kind word from your lips. To-morrow, I leave this place and we may never meet again, before I go, I would warn you of danger, you trusted me once, why not now? Have I become less honorable in your eyes, or has De Lyle with his cursed arts already secured the heart of his victim?'

'No, no, speak I promise.'

'Allette—Miss Winton, do you remember that fearful night on the Ohio? Yes I know you do, but it is strange you should have so soon forgot the impressions which caused you to shudder, as you caught mid the lightning's glare, the features of that half-drown'd wretch, De Lyle.'

'De Lyle! no, Bertram, it was not. 'Tis some strange infatuation and you—' She paused, for the vague fancies that had crossed her mind upon her first acquaintance, now rushed with full force to her mind, and she leaned her head against the lattice, as if overpowered by the conviction. Bertram watched with searching glances the emotions which his disclosure caused, and a ray of hope sparkled in his eye as he again addressed her.

'If there is any doubt in your mind of the identity of that wretch, with the one whom you have been pleased to honor with your friendship, it remains not with me to convince you. I have no proofs to give but my own assertion, and with you, who shrink from my very presence, that can have but little weight.'

'And why should it. Have you forgotten when and where we met?'

'No I have too much reason to lament it. I have pledged myself never to reveal how or why I came among the members of that ill-fated cave. It was not for evil—but how, shall I convince you, who despise and condemn me without other proofs than my own words.'

'Bertram, I am not your judge, therefore I condemn you not. But is it strange I should shrink from you, on whom such suspicion rests, when you have shaken my confidence in one whom I have beheld courted and esteemed by society? Does not your vanity require what your better judgment might condemn?'

'Miss Winton I have not been accustomed to plead for my honor. If I do require more than reason demands, I trust you will attribute it to conscious innocence—Perhaps the flatteries of the world have spoilt me. To-morrow—I shall cease to hear them—I go where I shall rest unknown, ere circumstance sully what ambition has acquired—an honorable name—for as yet, mine is as unsullied as your own, but last evening in the crowded levee, I heard it pronounced by your lips as if not altogether unworthy of a thought. Oh how valueless is that fame that comes not in contact with the heart. The very praise that fell from your lips but added

bitterness to my feelings. How gladly would I have exchanged the empty honors of a name, to be considered by you as something less than a villain. With the assurance of your esteem, I feel that I could bear to be as I am, a slave to the vices of others.'

'Bertram you ever will be entitled to my gratitude, nothing could please me more than the knowledge of your freedom from crime, chance may discover what you are not permitted to reveal, the causes that led you to the cave.'

'No, that cannot be, I sorrow without hope, condemned to forsake the land of my birth, self exiled I go, to save my name and that of my family from reproach. Should chance discover it to you I have but one boon to ask—that you discover to none the knowledge of its appertaining to him whom you met at Wilson's Cave—farewell.'

The words had scarcely died on his lip, ere there was a slight rustling in the shrubbery, and in the next instant the strong arms of two men held him writhing within their grasp. Was it gratitude that caused Allette Winton fearless of all else, to cling to their retreating forms and plead for the release of Bertram? was it gratitude that caused that cry of anguish as she sunk powerless on the steps of the portico as Bertram was dragged from her presence?—

On the following day great was the excitement produced in New Orleans among the fashionable elite, in consequence of the arrest of a distinguished and honorable member of society. He was accused by one of Wilson's Band of being a member. His accuser tempted by the reward offered for the head of Wilson had betrayed the latter, but his motives for accusing Bertram were unknown. The public mind refused to give credence to such an accusation, and the small room that contained Bertram C—, was thronged throughout the forenoon with the most distinguished classes of society. After giving heavy bonds he was permitted to enjoy his liberty until his appearance at court.

It was midnight, in a wretched, squalid habitation, sat De Lyle and Bertram's accuser conversing low and earnestly. After much parley the former rose to depart, throwing on the table a well filled purse.

'Stay De Lyle,' said the accuser. 'I had forgotten to inform you that Vanbergen was here again last night.'

'Well what was his business?'

'Oh the old story, and another attempt to bribe me, by a larger amount than your own, to retract.'

'Of course you did not listen to him.'

'No I bid him begone, the fellow winced a little when I threatened an accusation against himself. But I got rid of him at last, after

threatening him with the cutlass found on the dead body of my kinsman, Seaman, whom Bertram so treacherously murdered. But are you not afraid that Bertram may accuse you?'

'No, he dare not, the fellow is too scrupulous, it would eventually lead to Vanbergen's detection. I must hasten home, good night—be faithful.'

As De Lyle passed out the narrow doorway, he perceived not the figure of Vanbergen crouched beneath the fallen timbers of the building, but he was no sooner out of hearing than the latter sprung from his position and entered the building in quest of Bertram's accuser, his search was vain and with slow steps he returned to his own dwelling. On the same hour, that I introduced De Lyle and the accuser to the reader, in a splendid apartment, that vied with an eastern palace in its gorgeous decorations, sat the distinguished Bertram C—. His pale and emaciated countenance contrasted painfully with his full length portrait, that seemed gazing down upon him with a happy smile, as though care had never found an entrance to its owner's breast. But Bertram's eyes were not turned upon the portrait for his hand convulsively clasped a letter from his only sister, it was written in a feeble hand, for Catherine C— was dying in a distant land, and her letter closed with these emphatic words. 'Ere I close I would speak of my beloved brother, of his kindness to me in my affliction. I fear his anxiety will injure his own health, for I frequently find him weeping as I start from my short, snatched slumbers. He has promised to convey my mortal remains to the home of my nativity, where perhaps, Vanbergen may weep over them with tears of heartfelt contrition. Farewell brother, at your request I am here to die—since I have so far complied with your demand—will you not listen to my last wishes—guilty as he is, I know you will bear to Vanbergen the request of your dying sister. Tell him that through purified repentance I trust to meet him in a happier and a better world; bid him, for my sake, turn from his path of crime, and expiate his offences in promoting the welfare of his fellow men. Forgive me dear, dear brother for entertaining in my heart the sentiments of that affection which I was early taught to feel. It is my dying injunction, that you still preserve inviolate, the pledge you gave me, let no provocation, no inducement, lead you for one moment to even think of betraying Vanbergen. Farewell, dear brother, despise not my weakness, but cherish my memory as sacred in your heart, as if I had been possessed with some of your own exalted firmness.' C. C.

There was an expression of deep mental suffering in the features of Bertram, as he traced the concluding lines. He leaned for-

ward in his chair and passed his hands several times across his brow, as if to recall his wandering intellect. Another letter lay beside him, but it needed nothing more than his own conviction, to inform him of its contents; yet with a trembling hand and half dreamy unconsciousness did he unfold and read the death of that sister whom his soul loved. He then refolded the letters and proceeded to the dwelling of Vanbergen.—He waited not to ring, but rushed at once to the apartment. Pale and agitated, Vanbergen was pacing the apartment; Bertram paused for a moment and regarded him with looks of compassion, then taking the packet from his bosom, he said—

'As hard as my fate is, I would not exchange it for yours, I would rather die innocent as I am with my memory as tarnished as it will be, than to live like you the slave of my own guilty passions. Yes, Vanbergen, as deep as the injuries are that you have inflicted, I sincerely pity you, I have come to night to fulfil the last request of an injured sister. Thank god! she died ignorant of the blow that has descended on our ill fated house. Ere we part to meet no more, I leave with you my forgiveness, Farewell.'

Bertram threw the packet from him and rushed from the house. The sound of his footsteps was all that broke upon the stillness of the slumbering city as he hurried on through the pitchy blackness of night. It was on such a night that he rescued Allette Winton from death, and as he passed her dwelling he paused, overcome by his emotions. Perhaps it will be the last time, thought he, that I pass this spot, for to-morrow is my trial for imprisonment or death; led on by his feelings, the next instant found him on the spot where he had been dragged from her presence. A light issuing from the casement attracted his attention, and hardly aware of his own purpose, he ascended the portico and gazed through the lattice into her apartment. She was there, and when he discovered that her form was bent in deep communion with her God, a thrill of hope rushed to his heart that for him her prayers might be offered up. With a subdued heart he retired from the portico and proceeded onward.

The next morning Bertram C— appeared at the appointed hour to answer the charges brought against him. The proceedings commenced, and Bertram stood forth in the firm denial of the charges. The witnesses were sent for, but ere they arrived, the court was startled by the appearance of Vanbergen, who rushed into the room. The confusion of his appearance, the extreme agony displayed in every lineament of his haggard countenance, defied description. We must pass over the minute particulars and relate only the neces-

sary confessions of Vanbergen. 'I have come,' said he, 'to take the place of the prisoner at the bar, to receive my condemnation, my course of crime is run, my iniquity has ceased. He who stands before you accused of crime, is guiltless. There is hardly a person in this court but what has heard of the circumstance of Bertram C——'s separating his sister from me at the altar, ere the vows which would have made her mine had passed her lips, you have all heard it for the place rung with the report, and conjecture paused at loss for causes. But there was a cause, listen and you shall hear it.—I came to this place a poor but an honest and industrious boy. I was received into the employ of one of the highest standing merchants in the city. I grew up in the service of my employer, frugal, honest and ambitious, but when I had attained my twentieth year, chance introduced me into the company of the wealthier classes. It was then I began to grow discontented. I looked upon the wealth of my companions with feelings of envy, and with the natural jealousy so often felt by those placed in inferior stations. I sighed to be possessed of equal wealth that I might be inferior to none, for I saw that the general mass of community courted wealth, still I would have shrunk from the thought of acquiring it by dishonorable means. One evening I was permitted by my employer, to attend the theatre with some youthful associates. I forget the exact scene of that evening, but I was insulted by one of the company for my poverty. 'Tis true, my appearance was less genteel than his own, but I felt myself his equal in point of merit, my mind pondered on this until I began to curse the poverty of my lot. Discontent, envy, and the thousand evils attendant on such passions, soon reigned triumphant. It happened about this time that I discovered a small fraud in the dealings of my employer. I had ever looked up to him with that deference which is generally paid to superiors. My mind was then in a fit state to receive bad impressions, circumstances needless to relate plunged me into vices, and determined to gain wealth, I joined Wilson's band and received the goods taken from the various boats that fell into their hands. I soon gained by this and other means, the wealth I had so long coveted, and such a passport initiated me into the fashionable circles of the place. Still there was some master minds above me that I could not hope to reach. They were men of talent, of fame, and Bertram C—— was of the number. I soon succeeded in winning the affections of his sister, but Bertram, the watchful Bertram, became suspicious of my character. To these suspicions his sister refused to listen. On entering my room one day in my absence, he found a

receipt lying on my desk from Wilson, and with it was a letter written to Wilson and sealed. Bertram took the letter and started for the cave to satisfy himself of my guilt, by learning how these goods were obtained, for suspicion had been awakened by the disappearance of so many boats. He delivered the letter and stated his wish of remaining at the cave. Wilson unsuspecting of his designs, and pleased with his appearance, soon initiated him into the secrets of the band. It was the intention of Bertram to effect his escape in the first boat that stopped at the cave by giving the alarm. On the second day of his arrival a boat passed the cave and after going a short distance some of the crew concluded to stop. This latter movement was of course so unexpected, that Bertram found no opportunity to warn them, and he was constrained to see the devoted victims enter the cave. By chance it seems he was singled out to go on board the boat. Every thing seemed at first to favor Wilson's plans, for the approaching storm caused the crew to remain in the cave, but that storm proved the means of Bertram's escape with a few inmates of the boat. On missing the letter I had written, I became alarmed, and though I did not suspect Bertram, I feared exposure in consequence of its loss, although it contained nothing that could condemn me. I wished to secure one object. It was the hand of Catharine C——. I thought I could, by uniting myself with the sister of the distinguished Bertram C——, place myself above suspicion. I also loved the beautiful being with a deeper, purer love, than one would have supposed my nature capable of. Bertram arrived in time to separate us at the altar. Catharine C—— on being assured of my guilt, shrunk from me as from a poisonous adder. But the woman still prevailed, and she wrung from Bertram an unconditional oath, that he would never commit any act leading to my arrest or exposure. I said unconditional. I meant only in one sense of the word, under no circumstances was he to betray me, but there was one condition to the oath, it was that Catharine C—— should depart to some foreign country for a few years, to seek forgetfulness, in change of scene. There is yet another wretch, who has so far escaped the reward of his crimes; his name, or the one he has assumed, is Richard De Lyle; through his instigations, Bertram has been accused, and the bribe that tempted the accuser, proves the means of his own exposure. A few words and I have done. The last request of her who perished through my means, was, that I should expiate my offences in promoting the welfare of my fellow men. I know of no better way than the one of restoring to society, such an example as Bertram C——. Let my fate

serve as a warning to those who are about entering life; let it caution youth to remain content with the blessings within their grasp; let disquietude, envy and jealousy, be banished from the heart, and let it caution the wealthy, the gay and the proud to forbear taunting or scorning honest poverty. And oh! let it caution those who are acting in society to forbear committing the least fraud, lest their examples tend to corrupt those by whom they are surrounded, into greater crime. If I had guarded each avenue of my heart from the first approaches of evil, I should not have been driven this day to subject myself to this humiliation.'

We must now draw to a close, Bertram was of course acquitted, Vanbergen was pardoned, but from the hour that he was last observed hovering over the grave of Catherine C——, none knew whither he went. Of De Lyle, I have only to add that he was imprisoned.

About a year after the above incidents, the writer of this tale was traveling through Kentucky, and being something of an antiquarian, he stopped at Wilson's cave. While tracing the various hieroglyphics upon the walls, he was interrupted by a small party, who stopped at the cave out of curiosity, or other motives. A conversation soon commenced between the parties respecting the nature of many of the traces on the walls; some remarks alluding to the above tale excited the curiosity of the writer, and one of the gentlemen with the consent of an interesting couple (who formed the chief attraction of the party, in the opinion of the writer) related the above tale. He had no sooner concluded, than he arose and introduced to the listener, the honorable Bertram C—— and his lady, who were journeying on a visit to their friends in the wilderness.

A. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

Captain Hale.

It has been the fate of many of our revolutionary heroes, who were of the secondary rank, to sink into the grave unhonored and unknown. They died in the discharge of their duties, and were, perhaps, named in a passing remark, and then thought of no more by the great mass of the people. This was in a measure excusable, when the nation was struggling for existence, and all classes were devoting their lives and fortunes to the sacred cause of freedom. But the present generation are at ease, and in the enjoyment of the blessings earned by their fathers, and therefore ought to rescue any deserving name from oblivion. We are a generous people in our sympathies, and have mourned over the fate of the unfortunate Andre, who fell a victim to the laws of nations, in the prime of his life, for the very reason that his case has been presented to us in every form of prose and verse by those of his own country, and we read all they write; while one of our kindred and brethren, as young, as accom-

plished, and as unfortunate as Andre, has hardly been mentioned by an obituarist or historian. Nathan Hale, a martyr in the cause of liberty, is a name almost unknown to his countrymen; but it is time that we should be familiar with his reputation. He was born in Connecticut and was graduated at Yale college, in 1763, with exalted reputation as a scholar, and a lofty, high-minded man. He was a contemporary with Dwight, Barlow, and Humphries, who often mourned his untimely fate and cherished his memory by toasts and eulogies. Some of the lines of Dwight, on the melancholy occasion of Hale's death, are still extant; they breathe the affection of a friend, and are almost too true, solemn and pathetic, to be poetical. It was a dark and gloomy period in the history of our country; and he, with many other young men, caught the spark from their fathers, in fact anticipated them, in preparing for the great struggle that was to ensue. At the moment the war broke out, he obtained a commission in the Connecticut line, and took the command of a company in Col. Knowlton's regiment, and was with the army in their memorable retreat at Long Island, in 1776. After Washington had succeeded in an enterprise so much favored by Providence, he was for a while ignorant of the movements, numbers, or disposition of the British army; and anxious to get all possible information of their movements or intention, he applied to Colonel Knowlton for a discreet, intelligent, enterprising, and bold officer, to penetrate the enemy's camp, and bring him the desired information. Knowlton made known the request of the commander-in-chief to Hale who was the charm of every polished circle, and the delight of the army, the soul of honor, and 'the bravest among the brave.' At the first moment it was named to him, he shrunk at the thought of becoming a spy; but reflecting that it was Washington who required his services, and his country that was to be benefitted, perhaps preserved, by his accepting the arduous and perilous appointment, he gave up all scruples, and instantly prepared for the adventure. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined the British camp, and having satisfied himself on every point of his mission, he was apprehended on attempting to return; and being carried before Sir William Howe, and finding every thing was known to the enemy, he boldly declared himself and his object in visiting the British camp. Howe, without a trial, or even the forms of a court martial, ordered him for execution the next morning. He was confined for a single night, and had only an opportunity to write a few lines to his mother and sister. As he had led a religious life, he asked for a clergyman to attend him in his dying moments, but this request was denied, and he was not permitted to have even a bible for a moment's consolation. A guard of pitying soldiers, with the provost-marshal, attended him to the fatal tree. The provost marshal, the common abhorrence of all the camp, excited a more than ordinary share of disgust, by the brutal manner in which the wretch executed his victim. The firmness and composure of Hale did not for an instant desert him, and he died regretting that he had but one life to lose in the sacred cause of his country, the cause of freedom, and the rights of man. The veteran soldiers wept like children at his untimely fate, wondering that a rebel could die so much like a hero.

The letters that he had written were destroyed; for they were so full of fortitude, resignation, consciousness of duty, even in this great sacrifice, that it was thought dangerous to let the Americans know that they had ever had such a man. When the news of his execution reached the American camp, every man from the commander in chief, to the humblest soldier, looked as though some general calamity had overtaken the army. If his death was just, the manner of it was execrable; and a deep settled resentment was not forgotten in the future events of the war. It was policy, perhaps in the methods of reasoning in the British army, to strike terror in the hearts of the American soldiers, and to frighten them at once to allegiance. They knew not the people they had to deal with; for they were not to be shaken by threats, nor awed by terror. They could have been won by kindness, but this was never shown them. Lictors and the axe were too honorable for men who dared oppose the mandates and the arms of a mother country; the accursed tree alone would answer. Little did the executioners of Hale think that such an awful hour of retribution would come as did come.

It is valiant to fight bravely when our firesides and altars are invaded. He who falls in such a conflict, sleeps with all his country's honors blest; monuments and epitaphs are given him, and his children find a rich inheritance in his fame. But what is this to staking one's life and reputation together—and staking them for love of country; to throw off the garb of distinction, which is and should be a soldier's pride, and covering one's self in disguise, for the purpose of visiting, in secrecy, an enemy's camp to discover his nakedness or strength, not for one's own fame or emolument, but for the general good? It is above the common martyr's fame; above his glory. It is if it can be justified at all—and nations, polished, wise and noble do justify it—the highest of all mortal resolves. To die is nothing; to sleep in the bed of glory is a common lot, often an enviable one, and should never be contemplated with horror by a brave man who draws his sword in a good cause; but to think of the chances of an ignominious death, a dishonored grave; closed without a funeral knell, or muffled drum, or 'volley of solemn soldiery.' Oh! it is too much to think on; and can never be endured without dismay, unless the living fire of patriotism burn with all its fierceness and unquenchable intensity.

The execution of Hale was avenged before the war was over by the death of Maj. Andre. Justice was stern and inexorable in his fate; but her decrees were not disgraced by brutality. Andre was tried by a court martial, and had an opportunity to defend himself—his time was protracted beyond that usually allowed a spy; he was treated with kindness; allowed to communicate with his friends; to write to his kindred; to dispose of his property; to do every thing but escape his sentence, which the laws of nations would not suffer, and the severe laws of retaliation, often a preventive of the progress of bloody crimes forbade. For Andre's fame the British nation have done every thing; reared him a monument, pensioned his mother and sisters, transported his bones to his native land, and laid them in the tomb of royalty.

It is in vain we ask our countrymen, where sleep the ashes of Hale?

It is indeed the eleventh hour of our revolutionary reminiscences, and all, and each, who have any particulars of the eventful days of our struggle, should now come forward and present them as materials for history. There are still, after all that has been done, many controverted points in our history that must, in a good measure, be settled by living witnesses, and there is much neglected biography that might by proper exertions be brought up to enrich our annals, some of our veterans have been engaged in the cause; Dr. Thatcher deserves a high reward for his labor in history and biography. General North, now in green old age has discharged his duty to the memory of his dear friend Baron Steuben, and it is to be hoped that he will not stop satisfied with having done justice to his master in war.—Major Popham near the city, judging from what has come from his pen, is also full of gone by days. There are no doubt many others in our country whose memories teem with recollections. Their descendants and younger neighbors should commit their stories to paper.

MISCELLANY.

Adventure with an Alligator.

In the height of the dry season, when in the torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the woodcutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake, called Pie's Pond, in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbors, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened his teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.—*Literary Gazette.*

A Long Story.

An Italian nobleman, who was grievously afflicted with old age and the gout, entertained a *conteur*, a false narrator, whose business it was to talk him to sleep. The *conteur* was a man to have talked the world to sleep in twenty minutes; but the excessive restlessness of his patron sometimes defied his utmost exertions. One night it fell out that the marchese was particularly wakeful, and the *conteur's* invention more than usually

slow. He had exhausted his whole stock in hand of adventures, and contrived (such as they were) three new tales; but still the patient slept not, and kept calling upon him to continue. At length wearied on the *conteur* struck at a fresh fable. 'There was a poor peasant,' said he, 'who dwelt upon the Pomeranian mountains, who went forth one day to a neighboring market to purchase a flock of sheep; he made his bargain, though prices were high, and set out on his return home, driving 200 ewes.'—It was a large flock,' muttered the marchese—'200 ewes, besides lambs, before him; but a storm arose towards night, and the rivulets swelled with the rain; at length the peasant came to the bank of a wide river, which was no longer fordable, from the floods, though it had been so when he passed in the morning. There was no bridge nearer than three leagues, and the roads were getting heavy for the cattle. Could a boat be procured? There was one, but so small that it would only carry one sheep at a time. In this dilemma the traveler had no choice; he put a sheep into the boat, and rowed it over with some difficulty, (for the stream was now strong and rapid,) landed it on the far shore, and returned for another.' When the *conteur* had arrived at this point of his story, he stopped, and composed himself to sleep; but the nobleman, who was still awake, cried out, as usual, 'Go on, Benedetto, go on. Why do you not proceed with the farmer on his journey?' 'Ah! let me sleep, my lord, I entreat you,' returned the *conteur* in despair; 'I shall be awake again, I am sure, before he gets his sheep over.'

Treating.

COL. CROCKETT'S fondness for fun gave rise to many anecdotes; among others I have this, which I do not altogether believe: Col. Crockett, while on an electioneering trip, fell in with a gathering, and it became necessary for him to treat the company.—His finances were rather low, having but one 'coon skin with him; however, he pulled it out, slapped it down on the counter, and called for its value in whiskey. The merchant measured out the whiskey and threw the skin into the loft. The colonel, observing the logs very open, took out his ramrod, and, upon the merchant's turning his back, twisted the 'coon skin out and pocketed it; when more whiskey was wanted, the same skin was pulled out and slapped upon the counter, and its value called for. This trick was played until they were all tired of drinking.—*Crockett's Adventures.*

At the capture of the town of Oio, in the East Indies, by the Portuguese in 1503, an officer of that nation, named Sylveira, observed one of the natives of a noble aspect, escaping by a private path, with a young woman of exquisite beauty. He ran instantly in order to secure them. The Indian did not appear at all apprehensive for his own safety; but after turning about to defend himself, he made a sign for his companion to fly. Her faithful love, however, would not permit her to obey his injunctions. She resolutely refused to retire; assured her lover, that she would rather die on the spot, or be a captive with him, than to make her escape alone. Sylveira, affected by the bravery of one, and the magnanimity of the other, gave them both liberty to depart; saying, at

the same time, to his officers and soldiers, 'God forbid that my sword should destroy such noble and tender ties.'

DR. SHERIDAN, the celebrated English school-master, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his back laid bare to the rod; when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown

A TRAVELER, coming into the kitchen of an inn on a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burned his boots. A little boy, who sat in the chimney corner, cried out to him: 'Take care, sir, or you will burn your spurs.' 'My boots you mean, I suppose,' said the traveler. 'Oh! no, sir,' replied the arch rogue, 'they be burnt already.'

A REAL ENGLISH BULL.—Two brothers were amusing themselves something in the style of William the conqueror's sons, by throwing water in each other's faces. The elder one took a true aim and seldom missed his mark; the younger one as constantly failed. At last he could bear it no longer, and cried out in great vexation, I declare now Frank it's not fair, for see, you are so much nearer to me than I am to you!

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Every generation grows wiser and wiser. A scene in a country kitchen.

Old Woman.—Husband, what are the soil and productions of Michigan.

Boy.—Tar and turpentine, mamma.

Old Woman.—Hold your tongue you blockhead; I wanted to see if your father knew.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1834.

THE SEASON OF MATURITY.—It is too common a thing now-a-days to enter into any general remarks on either of the four seasons of the year. Who has not been told of the pomp of Spring—who has not felt the exhilarating influence which that season in a peculiar manner imparts. There have also been odes and episodes on the same subject;—while Summer, Autumn and Winter, have been full as freely commented upon by the literati, both of the present and past ages. Yet those who have a feeling for nature, love her just as much—and when the revolving seasons, each in their regular course, roll round in their beauty, they seem to possess a novelty, as if, for the first time, they had just broke upon our vision.

The Autumn of the year has now, at last arrived. Quiet, solemn and sedate it steals upon us. Like the wild and wayward urchin brought to the calmness of manhood. So is Autumn. There are no flowers on his silent brow; but he brings with him a brown and sober tint, which speaks more of contemplation than sadness. The vast earth is but the granary of plenty, and the inhabitants thereof, the proprietors, are receiving their quota of the general whole. The long green arms of the fruit-trees stoop to the earth with their matured burden—Here blooms the red-cheeked peach, with its soft and yielding surface, and here the blue and glistening plums hang out in full rich clusters. Autumn may be termed the most noble of all the four seasons. We then see before us the whole labor of nature during the other two preceding seasons, thrown as it were, into her very lap. Spring may be termed beautiful—but Autumn is noble. Spring only buries her flowers and then slips silently away into the arms of Summer—Autumn buries the vegetable world—the broad green continent changes and dies in her presence—and then it hangs by and moves along with the earth into the very bosom of Winter.

ARRIVAL.—Arrived at this place, on Thursday the 4th inst. the *Whale Ship*, James Monroe, Capt. Coffin, from the South Atlantic Ocean, with 11,50 barrels of oil.

It is also our painful duty to record the death of Walter Westcott, son of Solomon Westcott, Esq. of this city, one of the crew of the *James Monroe*, who was killed by a *Whale*, which stove the boat to which he was attached, and struck him on the head, when it is supposed he died instantly.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. H. Q. America Union Society, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Plainfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Jacksonboro' N. Y. \$1.00; B. & D. Rowe, Ms. \$0.90; M. H. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; J. M. H. South Orange, Ms. \$3.00; J. B. C. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$4.50; J. B. Danville, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Ellington, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Newburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. Copake, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Wilmington, Ohio, \$1.00; J. C. Dracut, Ms. \$0.81; T. D. A. Paris Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$30.00; A. R. G. Schenectady, N. Y. \$0.75; P. D. Minaville, N. Y. \$0.87; M. E. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. C. New-York, \$0.75; S. C. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

The Poles, to whom the grant of land was made by Congress, have accepted the warm invitation given to them by a public meeting in Illinois, to make the selection from among the public lands in that state.

Some portable steam engines, three feet square, have been invented, which at an expense of a tender and one hundred weight of coals per day, will lift two tons and a half of brick and mortar daily to the height of a four story building. The whole apparatus can be carried on a cart.

A cucumber, measuring eighteen inches in length, and thirteen inches in circumference, and weighing five and a half pounds, has been raised at Pottsville, Pa.

Campbell, the poet, has recently published the memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, in the writing of which he was assisted by her own memoranda, bequeathed to him for that purpose. The work is said to have been executed with great judgment, feeling and ability, and promises to become the most popular book of the season.

Two thousand German Tailors have obtained employment as journeymen in the metropolis, in consequence of the strike of the natives of the same class. Five hundred of the master tailors of London have signed a declaration, pledging themselves not to give employment to any journeymen who will not renounce, in writing, all connexion with the Union.

MARRIED.

At Athens, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Grigg, Mr. John G. Bennett, to Miss Mary Spencer, all of that place.

At Hillsdale, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. L. B. Van Dyck, Mr. Sidney Goodrich, to Miss Hannah Decker, all of the above place.

On Thursday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Danforth, of Lee, Mass. Mr. Andrew Wright, to Miss Eliza M. Foote, all of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mr. Abijah Rogers, aged 80 years and 9 months.

On the 4th inst. Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Caroline Hildreth, aged 1 year and 5 months.

On the 4th inst. Thomas, son of William Harvey, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 8th inst. Daniel, son of John and Maria Scott, aged 1 year and 6 months.

At Cossackie Village, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Catherine, wife of Abraham Van Dyck, Esq. and daughter of the late Hon. Leonard Brink, in the 50th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Infidelity addressed to a Young Friend.

Go slumber where the adder's poison tooth
Will blot with death the visage of thy youth,
And let the serpent gaze with fell delight,
On all the horrors of that dreadful sight;—
No serpent's fang, no magic of his eye,
No venom'd fold in which you writhing die,
Has terrors for the innocent—for thee,
The child of God—the child of purity,
Like that which kills the soul—that death to God—
That deathless death of INFIDELITY!

Go sport thee where the dark wide-spreading shade
Of Java's Upas strews with death the glade;—
Go, madly go, and snuff its fatal blast,
And in that vale of skulls expire at last;—
The body falls alone; no tree of death,
No sight so desolate, no pested breath,
That taints the orient breeze, no deadly wind
Of that far land has power to blast the mind,
Like that which blasts the soul—that death to God—
That deathless death of INFIDELITY!

Go stand on Etna's mount of liquid fire,
When boiling lavas rouse its smouldered ire;
And let its molten contents quickly lave,
Adown its sides, and shroud you in the wave;—
No fires on earth, no crater's vivid glow,
No flame-formed cataract, no lava flow
From Etna's jaws, nor all the demons there
Can overwhelm thee so in death and black despair,
As that which sears the soul—that death to God—
That deathless death of INFIDELITY!

Hillsdale, August, 1834.

INCOG & Co.

For the Rural Repository.

The Death of Coeur de Lion.

* He was killed by an archer at the siege of Chaluz, who, when brought before Richard, was asked his motive. He boldly answered that Richard had slain his kindred, &c. The monarch admiring his intrepidity, ordered him to be released; but afterwards he was cruelly put to death by one of Coeur de Lion's officers.' HIST. ENG.

AYE, warriors gather 'round my couch,
I feel that I must die,
There is a coldness on my brow,
A dimness o'er mine eye;
And ne'er again my plume shall wave,
Your battle-ranks before,
And I shall lead the serried spears
And glittering crests no more.

Would that it had been by the sword
Of belted Knight or Earl,
I'd met my fate, and not the shaft
Of yonder base-born Churl.
But harm him not, let Richard's death
No injury to him bring,
He hath avenged his kindred with
The life-blood of a King.

I see those here who've stood with me,
In far-off Palestine,
Through many a dark and peril hour,
To fight for cross and shrine—

Who've followed me with lance in rest,
To rescue and to charge,
And rallied at my battle-shout,
Of 'England and St. George!'

Comrades, some say a bloody hand
I've borne, and vengeful heart,
And that it was but for renown
I play'd the Warrior's part;
It may be true, for ye all know
My hand hath oft been red,
But 'twas the blood of England's foes,
And Christendom's, I shed.

My heart glowed with revenge—it was
To see the Moslem rear
His crescent-flag on Zion's walls—
It never quailed with fear!
If laurels I have won, stern fate
Has torn and trod them down,
In dungeons and in chains I've found,
My glory and renown.

But let this pass, for breath grows faint,
Yet willingly I die,
With conflict-tried and gallant knights
My death-couch standing by.
They'll ask ye of 'the Lion's death,
Tell them ye saw in him
No coward blanching of the lip,
No trembling of the limb.

Tell them the voice is hush'd that bade
The turban'd Paynim bow,
The arm that never struck in vain,
Is cold and wither'd now.
Say to them how I knight-like died,
On the red battle field,
No blot upon my banner-fold,
No stain upon my shield.

Aye, that I died as Warrior should,
'Neath showers of arrowy hail,
'Mid good blows falling thick and fast,
On shatter'd helm and mail.
And tell them that though death this soul
And body frail could part,
He could not quench my spirit's fire,
Nor daunt the Lion-Heart! E. H. C.

Sister, since I Met thee Last.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SISTER! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath passed
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known:
Through thy soul a storm hath moved—
Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hours too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and vallies lone,
Music haunts thee, not thine own,
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not thy fate, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower;
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,
Tell me not of young hopes blasted,
Bring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd:
Home alone can give thee rest,—
Weep, sweet sister on my breast.

The Veteran and the Child.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

'Come, grandfather show how you carried your gun
To the field where America's freedom was won:
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men!
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
While the wounded fell round you to bleed and to die!'

The prattler had stirred in the hero's breast,
The embers of fire that had long been at rest,
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his early campaigns—
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of fourscore.

'I carried my gun, boy, as one that should be
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free!
I fearlessly lifted that trusty old sword,
In the hand of a mortal with strength from the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame freely, I felt,
Should go but the chains of my country to melt.

'My blood sprinkled warm, upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height, to the war drum, I trod.
From the fort on the Hudson, our arms I depressed,
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins.

'Dost now ask me, child, since thou hearest where I've
been,
Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties and shine bright as thine;
Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
Which bore "sixty years since," such perils for thee?

'What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start,
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart,
It has not much longer to glow with the joy,
It feels, thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy;
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, bear in mind, what, a babe, thou art told!'

The Dying Child.

BY MISS LONDON.

'Oh mother, what brings music here?
Now listen to the song—
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful—
The night-winds bear along!'

'My child, I only hear the wind,
As with a mournful sound
It wanders mid the old oak trees,
And strews their leaves around.'

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,
His face more deadly fair,
And down dropped from his infant hand
His book of infant prayer.

'I know it now, my mother dear,
That song for me is given;
It is the angels' choral hymn
That welcomes me to heaven.'

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